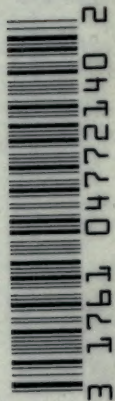
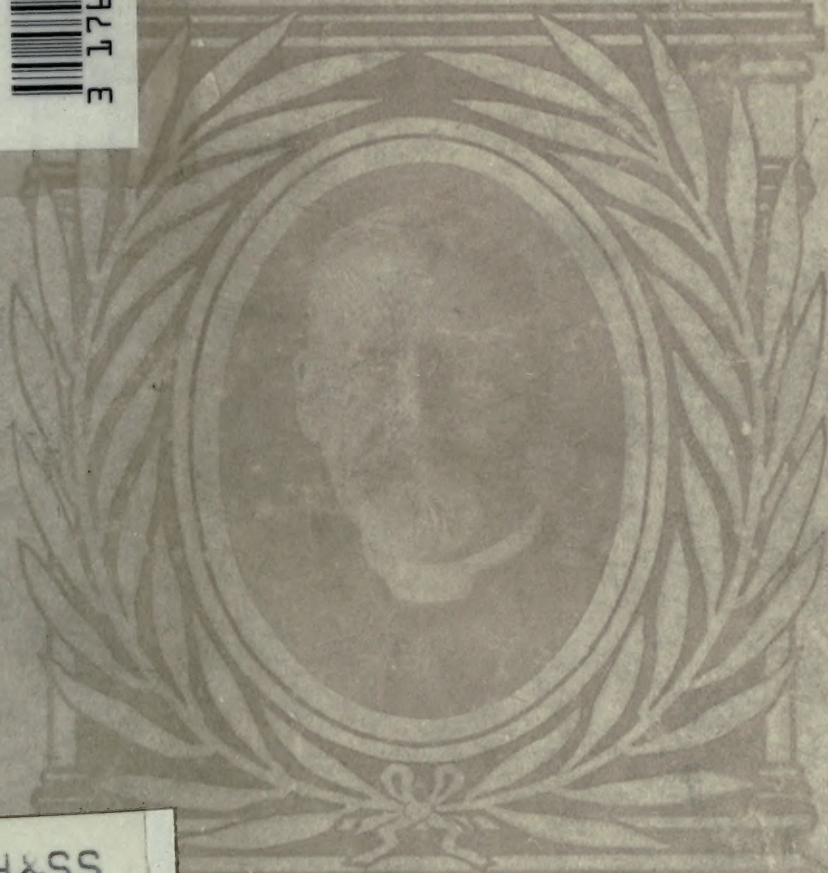


ONE SHILLING



# HUGH PRICE HUGHES S. WE KNEW HIM.



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Dean of Westminster.  
Robertson Nicoll, LL.D.  
Henry Somerset.  
Guy Pearce.  
G. H. S. Lunn.  
B.  
Sister Lily.  
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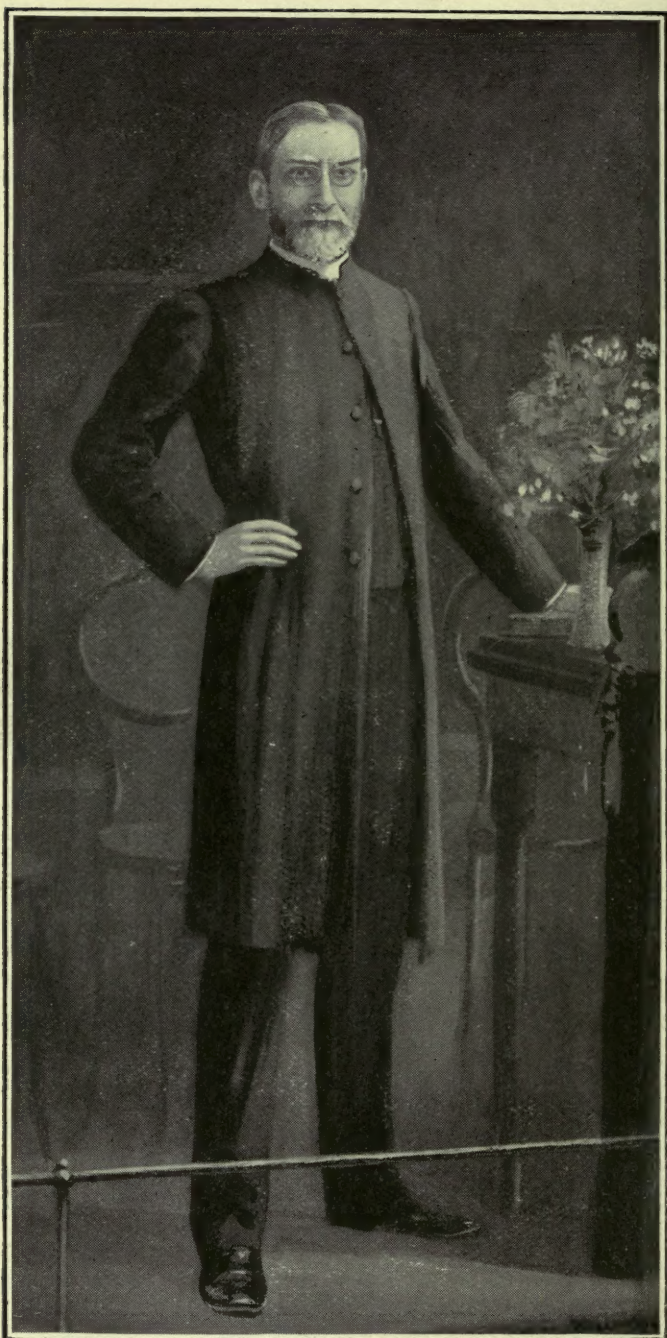
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HUGH PRICE HUGHES  
PREACHING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.



# HUGH PRICE HUGHES

AS WE KNEW HIM.

BY

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

(The Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, D.D.)

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

MARK GUY PEARSE.

DR. H. S. LUNN.

SISTER LILY

(Of the West London Mission).

W. M. CROOK.

J. BAMFORD SLACK.

CHARLES ENSOR WALTERS

(Of the West London Mission).

FREDERICK A. ATKINS.

LONDON:

HORACE MARSHALL AND SON.

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1902.





## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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HUGH PRICE HUGHES was my personal friend for over twenty years, and he was also my father's friend. I had the privilege of being associated with him at Barry Road, at Oxford, at Brixton Hill, and at the West London Mission. My first continental holiday was spent in his company, and the few leisure hours that remained to him while conducting his last Mission in South London—only a few days before his first breakdown at Manchester—were passed in my home, where he was always a welcome guest. I owe much to his kindly counsel, his wise guidance, his stimulating teaching. It is therefore with a very mournful interest that I gather from a few of his friends the chapters of reminiscences contained in this little book. In no sense is it sent forth as a mere publishing venture,

but rather as a tribute of affection and esteem, and any profit arising from its publication will be immediately forwarded to Mrs. Price Hughes for the Sisterhood of the West London Mission.

HORACE B. MARSHALL.

*Temple House,*

*London, E.C.*

*Nov. 27, 1902.*



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# HUGH PRICE HUGHES AS WE KNEW HIM.

## I.

BY DR. J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON

*(Dean of Westminster).*

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*The Dean of Westminster has kindly sent the following for inclusion in this volume, being the substance of an address he delivered in the Jerusalem Chamber on the occasion of a lecture given by M. Paul Sabatier, on Wednesday, November 19th, 1902.*

I WISH to take this opportunity of referring to an event which has very suddenly filled many of us with a sense of personal sorrow. I have known Mr. Hugh Price Hughes and his family for a good many years, having had the pleasure of meeting him again and again in brief periods of vacation in South Devon. We have had many very intimate conversations on subjects of the deepest interest, both spiritual

and, if I may so say, ecclesiastical. We discussed in successive years many topics which came to be dealt with in the "Free Church Catechism," and we often talked over the position of modern Methodists in regard to the old mother Church. We did not, of course, always agree; but we learned, I am sure, to understand and appreciate each other in a truer manner than would have been possible without this close personal intercourse, and we quickly became linked in a bond of friendship. His sudden removal in the midst of his great activities is not a loss to Methodism alone. The cause of national righteousness loses by the fact that this eloquent voice can now be heard amongst us no more.

## II.

BY DR. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

---

**I**T must be twenty years ago since I first saw Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. I was then a minister in Scotland, and had come up to London for a holiday. Mr. Hughes was delivering a lecture in the City Temple, and I saw the bill announcing it. "The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., of Oxford," was his style at that time. I got in towards the close of the lecture and found a crowded room. The one impression that remains with me is that of the sharp, keen, almost fierce face of the lecturer, and the pungent brevity of his sentences.

Later on, when I came to the Metropolis, Mr. Price Hughes was a circuit minister in the South of London. I was then editing the *Expositor's Bible*, and



invited Mr. Hughes to contribute a volume. He wrote saying that his many engagements did not give him the necessary leisure for study, but that he was deeply interested in the Johannine theology, and desired to contribute some papers on the subject to the *Expositor*. I wrote welcoming these papers, and reminded him of his promise from time to time, but he could never satisfy himself that he had sufficient time for a worthy exposition.

It was about the same period that Mr. Price Hughes commenced the *Methodist Times*, and entered on that severe journalistic labour which occupied him to the end of his life. Like many other eager spirits of that day, Mr. Hughes was immensely impressed by the work that Mr. Stead had accomplished during his brilliant but too brief editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Stead taught many to think more nobly of the opportunities and possibilities of journalism. Mr. Hughes was then, as always, deeply impressed by the comparative weakness of Christian journalism, and put his heart into the *Methodist Times*. It

was well received, and, as I remember, had many regular readers among the ministers of Scotland. Later on, when I commenced the *British Weekly*, Mr. Hughes was among the kindest of the kind. He took frequent occasion to mention the paper in his addresses and in his own journal, and I have never ceased to be grateful. Since then, we never lost touch, though our direct communications were infrequent. Mr. Hughes was the busiest of men, and I was occupied in my own line of work, but there was no abatement, but rather a growth of good will, and I was with him at the last anniversary meeting of the West London Mission at St. James's Hall.

As I look back on that period the characteristic of Mr. Hughes that shines out most eminently in my mind is his magnanimity. He was ever a fighter, and some of his controversies were difficult and painful. If I recall the Foreign Mission controversy, it is to prove the knightly character of Mr. Hughes. It was a battle from which personalities could not well be excluded, and the Wesleyan Methodist missionaries con-

sidered that grave reflections had been cast on them and their work. I took the other side from Mr. Price Hughes, and was thus able to judge his spirit impartially. He may have been wrong, and I think he was wrong in some of his contentions. He fought fiercely like a man with his back at the wall, but I deeply marked that all the time he refrained so far as it was possible from insulting and lacerating personal comment. He did his utmost to make the discussion turn on points of policy. He may not have entirely succeeded, but he succeeded to an extraordinary degree. Having followed through all those years his various activities, activities which brought him into constant collision with others, I am unable to recall anything mean, anything base uttered by him either in speech or in print. Certainly for one I have none but pleasant memories of him, though he frequently criticised and opposed my views. I cannot help thinking that this is the greatest of all testimonies to the genuinely noble and Christian character of the man. No one could have done his work and made so few enemies ;



no one could have fought his battles and left so little bitterness. He died as it seems to us too soon, but he lived long enough to secure from those most at issue with him the warmest recognition of the integrity, the simplicity, and the burning earnestness of his spirit. He said to me the last time I saw him that when he was fighting his hardest battles he did not know how much they cost him, but that he began to know it now.

Mr. Stead has said that Mr. Hughes was not a good man to fight a long and losing battle with. There may be a side of truth in this; I do not know. I am sure, however, that Mr. Hughes came to value the blessing and the power of united action more than he did at first, and who can wonder? Let it be remembered that the period over which his public life extended was a period during which almost every cause that was dear to him was more or less clouded. The Conservative reaction in England has had effects the full measure of which we cannot yet calculate. That reaction is largely due to the want of unity

among the friends of progress. They have been impotent because they have been divided; they will remain impotent until they are united. They cannot unite until they recognize that there must be certain open questions, and they must combine on the objects they are agreed in, disregarding differences whether as to persons or principles. Mr. Hughes had an unbounded faith for years at any rate in public meetings and demonstrations. He was above all things a practical man. He wanted to see things accomplished. He saw that so long as the all or nothing policy was pursued, so long as Liberals were busy in excommunicating and ostracising other Liberals, no progress could be made. He saw that the rank and file were becoming discouraged and hopeless. He was, therefore, most eager—perhaps he may have been sometimes too eager—to maintain the unity of the associations he was connected with, and to conciliate the extreme wing of his opponents. There is a point where divergence is inevitable, where two parties are making for different goals. But in view of

the stern and remorseless battles before us, it may well seem that our divisions have been too many, and our quarrels too bitter, and that we should eagerly seek the comradeship and strength which comes from fighting and suffering together in a common cause.

I look upon Mr. Price Hughes as a strikingly individual personality, the one man of his kind in his generation. Such a man is not to be criticized as to his methods. In the use of his strength he was a law to himself, and now that he who could never rest rests at last for ever, who of us will dare to say that he should have husbanded his energy? I wish for my part that it were oftener said of Christian ministers by those who watch them that they are overworking themselves. But it is easy to see that such a nature as his must have had its own temptations, the temptation to scorn, to sarcasm, to intolerance, to bitterness. By the grace of God given to him our friend resisted these. He was a righteous man, and the memory of the just is blessed.





### III.

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.



MY first impression of Mr. Hughes stands out as clearly and as sharply as though more than fifteen years had not elapsed since that morning in St. James's Hall. I had heard nothing of the West London Mission, save the fact that Evangelistic services were being held in St. James's Hall, and when I went thither I had everything to learn; but I had not listened to him for more than a few minutes before I recognized that here was a Christianity applied to the needs of the present day, that his quick sympathy, his comprehensive, inclusive mind had realized that the interests and the social needs of the people were an integral part of the ethical teaching of Christ. At the close of that

meeting I had the opportunity of a short talk with the preacher, and I could not fail to be among the many who realized that a reformer had come among us who feared no one save God. Since that day it has been my privilege from time to time to be often associated with him in public, and to have the privilege of his friendship in private, and my regard for him has through the years deepened as I have understood more clearly the battle he has had to fight, not only among those who were enemies of the righteous reforms for which he stood, but among many who should have been his allies in Christian work, but who have antagonized his ideals and thwarted him in his methods. He had that quality which has made all the outstanding figures in history who have stood against the self-interest of the few for the amelioration of the many, an undaunted optimism, an unselfish chivalric enthusiasm for the oppressed, but he had what was even greater, that thirst for the salvation of souls which characterizes the saint. Only those who have watched him through the years as



they came and went with their round of engagements, the burden of constant public speech, the unceasing task of preaching and of writing, of dealing with individuals, of organizing, and above all, the weariness and sordid anxiety of constantly collecting money for the work to which he gave himself, have seen how that life that never spared itself must burn out, extinguished by its own relentless effort to help humanity. The outside world has seen, perhaps, in Mr. Hughes, the militant figure only, but those who knew him best realized how single-hearted, child-like and genial was the man himself, how tenderly kind to those in need of help, how unsparingly scathing only to those whom he thought wronged their helpless fellow-man. No wonder, therefore, that Churchmen and Nonconformists alike realize that England has lost a real reformer, a great citizen, and Christianity a true and devoted exponent. Death came to Mr. Hughes, it seems to me, in the way most to be envied, and I believe that could he send a message back to those who sorrow here, he would say with that

hopeful ring which has cheered so many hearts, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice." The Sunday night before he died saw him pleading for Christ in that great assembly at St. James's Hall, the soldier at his post. The last words he spoke were to one who that night had turned homewards from the far country, the last act to cheer a sorrowing soul and guide him to the Father's arms, and then the happy warrior was called to God, to take from Him, as we believe, fresh orders for some wider work. But as I think of him my heart goes out in sorrow to the one whom he loved best, of whom we cannot write but for whom we can only pray, and I am glad that amongst the many good things that have come to me I have had the opportunity of the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Price Hughes.

#### IV.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

---

THE terrible loss which has befallen us has carried my mind back to a day in January, 1886. I had freed myself from the itinerancy in the hope of settling with Dr. Bowden in Cornwall, and devoting the rest of my life to the interests of Cornish Methodism. Then had come Dr. Bowden's appointment to an official position elsewhere, and I was left uncertain as to my movements. An engagement in connection with the Y.M.C.A. brought me to London for a week of services at Exeter Hall. By a curious coincidence Mr. Price Hughes had arranged for similar meetings in the Brixton Hill Circuit, of which he was then Superintendent. He wrote me asking me if on the days that I was in London I would conduct noon services in connection with his meet-



ings. With that invitation he wrote what proved to be a memorable letter.

“I want to have a long talk with you,” he said, “about a matter which may affect the whole of your future and mine. At a meeting of the London Mission Committee I was asked to undertake a mission in the West-End of London at the close of my ministry here in 1887. This is a new idea, but it is strongly urged on me, and it has so much in its favour that I’m already disposed to say ‘yes’ to the proposal on one condition—that you consent to be associated with me in the enterprise. I was told some time ago that you were still willing to go to Cornwall if I would go with you. The West-End of London is even more important than Cornwall. Why should we not undertake an analogous task in the West-End? I would be responsible for the work and for the organization ; you would be free to write and to do anything to which the Spirit of God led you. Of course we should be relieved from the yoke of the itinerancy and the details of circuit work. You would have that liberty and that permanence of



MR. PRICE HUGHES AS A BOY.



MR. PRICE HUGHES AS A DIVINITY STUDENT.





action which you crave. London is the place in which an author should live, and you could reserve ample time for using your pen in Christ's service. You are well-known outside Methodism, and your co-operation would be invaluable in the West-End. Besides the upper classes there are thousands of young men and young women in the West-End shops. In different ways you and I are better fitted for this work than any two of our contemporaries. A number of young men and young women have volunteered to give their lives to this work if I will undertake it. My wife could organize a sisterhood of ladies. My lay evangelist, Josiah Nix, would be simply invaluable among the working classes. It seems to be a unique combination of advantages. The responsibility of decision now rests with *you*, for if you say, 'Do all that is in thine heart; turn thee, behold, I am with thee according to thine heart,' I shall feel that the die is cast, and I am ready to give the rest of my life to this great work. Perhaps the Cornish catastrophe in your case and some unexpected events in my

own are all a part of the Providential leading by which you and I are to be thrown together in the greatest work Methodism has ever attempted. If, after God and your friends, you approve of my suggestion, we could make all necessary arrangements during the year, and enter definitely upon the work after the Conference of 1887. You would edify the saints and I would pursue the sinners. With the blessing of God we should have such opportunities as no other arrangement would secure. I had a long talk with Clapham about this last night, and if you and I go into the work he is prepared to concentrate his remarkable powers and influence for the Mission, and to back us through thick and thin. I pray Christ with all my heart that in this crisis in your life and mine we may know and do the will of God. Amen. Yours affectionately, HUGH PRICE HUGHES."

It was a long letter, for I have only given parts of it. I did not then know that it was when Mr. Hughes was a lad of some thirteen years that a company of Cornish fishermen had put into Swansea Bay. They

attended the Methodist services and brought with them their Cornish fire. It was in the midst of these influences that Hugh Price Hughes was led to religious decision. If I had known of that when I received his letter it would certainly have added to the interest with which I read it, or have prompted me to a more immediate decision. At any rate, it gives to my association with him an added charm that we of common Celtic origin should have been thrown together in this work. The letter brought before me a matter of which I could but think with much solemnity. Set free as I was from other work and wondering where my path would lead, I could but feel it was a divine appointment. I knew nothing whatever of Mr. Hughes, had preached indeed for him once and shaken hands with him on that occasion only. My own heart turned in quite another direction than London. I had dreams of the miners and fishermen of Cornwall, of its moors and cliffs. I had always a shrinking from prominence and publicity, and would have vastly preferred a quiet and half-hidden



ministry with leisure for such literary pursuits as I loved. To accept Mr. Hughes' proposal would mean that I must stand in the glare and glare of this great new movement in the West-End of London. But I could give only one answer. It was very brief: "I will come and see you." I recollect going to the door of the house in Clyde Place, Brixton Hill, on a winter's afternoon. The house was familiar to me as that in which my Superintendent lived, Rev. John Haward, when in the early years of my ministry I was stationed at Brixton Hill. In his study sat Mr. Hughes. Almost before he had finished his greeting with his characteristic eagerness and force, there came a look of much solemnity, and he waited for me to speak. There was a minute's silence. "Well," I said presently, "I am with you heart and soul." At once he arose and opened the door. "Katie," he called, "it is settled;" and Mrs. Hughes came in to join us at that memorable meeting. It was an acquaintance that became at once a friendship, and that soon ripened into love—to know him was to love him—

none could help it, and those who knew him best loved him most. Others have told of his gifts, his splendid courage, his fearlessness, his enterprise, but the splendour of these gifts hid from all but those who knew him most intimately the beauty of virtues that made him unspeakably dear to us. Of no man could it be more truly said that he was "*a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.*" He rushed to the foremost place in the fray, and fought till his hand clove to the sword. But when the battle was done, there was no breath of malice, no lingering ill-will. In the true meaning of that great word he was *magnanimous*, great souled. I loved him as perhaps it is given to few men to love a man.

Of my services he had, I can but think, an estimate far too high, but the generous terms in which he spoke of them indicated even the nobility of the man. I cannot forbear to tell one incident of his most generous and utterly unselfish nature. When we began our work, he said to me, "We are our own stewards. We can appoint our own salary. What shall we

take?" "Well," I said, "it is for you to settle that. You must remember that it is your livelihood. You might be making your £10,000 a year," I said, laughingly, "if you had chosen to go to the Bar." "Well," said he, "let us take £200 a year all told," and this, apart from the house and furniture, was the sum which this man fixed as his salary when he entered upon his work in the West London Mission. The last time we met was on the Friday before his death. It was a happy little gathering at Katherine House for the reception of two Sisters. Everything about him gave us abundant hope of his complete restoration to health. The address on the example of the Lord Jesus in washing the feet of His disciples was full of his old freshness and force. It was followed by the Holy Communion, and it was my happiness to partake with him for the last time of that pledge of the Master's great love, that bond of our everlasting brotherhood. He is gone, that brave soldier; he has entered into his rest. I visited St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday to look at the monument of General Gordon. It had come to my mind

as a fitting memorial of our fearless and devoted friend. The left hand, the hand of love, rests on 'the Bible, the right hand had laid the sword aside. So fought Hugh Price Hughes, ever with the sword of the Spirit. Mistaken he may have been sometimes, though considering how much he did and how earnestly he did it his mistakes were wonderfully few. But ever he wrought, anxious and eager to know the will of God, and then he set himself to do it with all his might. A phrase was often on his lips when he led in prayer *that he might follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth*. That was the prayer of his heart, the steadfast effort of his life. Now he is gone, and not indeed the least of God's good gifts to him was the manner of his going. We cannot think of that warrior spirit, fretted by a growing feebleness, worn with old age. It was a sublime and beautiful thing. Whilst we mourn our loss far greater than we yet can know, the heart must glow with gratitude to God that it was given to this prophet of fire to go away as in a chariot of fire—swift, triumphant, glorious.





V.

BY HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

---

THE priceless privilege of intimate friendship with one of the noblest and best of God's servants is only realized when, as to-day, one stands by a graveside,—

“The divided half of such  
A friendship as had mastered Time ;  
Which masters Time indeed and is Eternal.”

For sixteen years Hugh Price Hughes was my most intimate friend, my confidant and counsellor, and I have learned more lessons from him than I could enumerate.

It was in the winter of 1886-7 that I came to assist him in his ministerial work at Brixton ; but before that I had learned, in the first words I ever heard from him, how absolute was his devotion to the risen

Christ who controlled every action and every thought of his life. A few weeks after I went to Brixton to be his colleague, we were travelling back from Lincolnshire in company with J. E. Clapham and Dr. Stephenson. It was at the time when Mr. Hughes's whole mind and heart were absorbed by his great scheme for the West London Mission which he was afterwards so successfully to carry out. Mr. Clapham and Dr. Stephenson began to talk about the condition of things at the Wesleyan Mission House which was then passing through a financial crisis, and they said, "Hughes, you and you alone can extricate the Missionary Society from its present position." I have never forgotten his answer: "If it is the will of Christ, and if the Conference decides it, I will go." This brief answer expressed, too, the guiding principles of his life: obedience to the commands of Christ, and loyalty to the authority which he recognized.

When I returned invalided from India, and at once joined him in the work of the West London Mission, I found that the

permeating thought of all his teaching was the 6th Chapter of St. John's Gospel: union with the living Christ. The energy of his teaching, its *dunamis*, came from the same source as that which was the inspiration of the Anglican Revival: "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead. This is the Bread which cometh down from Heaven that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the Living Bread which came down from Heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever, and the Bread which I shall give is My Flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

His passionate desire for reunion which sometimes led him into actions and expressions which those most closely associated with him regretted, arose from his vivid conception of the Church as the Bride of Christ, and his desire for the removal of the divisions which marred the realization of that conception. He had no patience with the comfortable, almost smug self-satisfaction of certain "Evangelicals" who were represented in the reunion discus-



sions, and who said, "We are already united in spirit." He would reply that our Lord's prayer was, "That they all may be one . . . . that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." A divided Church, he used to point out, will never win a rebellious world.

Yet he was loyal to Methodism, no man more so. When, after certain unhappy incidents which I need not particularize, the present Archbishop of Canterbury had expressed his willingness to ordain me, and Archdeacon Farrar (as he then was) had invited me to St. Margaret's, Westminster, as his curate, I had decided to accept these suggestions, as I was passionately desirous of remaining in the active ministry of the Church of Christ. Mr. Hughes learned these facts one evening at Lucerne, and the next day we went for a walk together and he said, "I have been praying all night about you, Lunn; you must not take this step. You have stood before the world as an advocate of reunion. I know the motives that are leading you to this decision, but your action will be misinterpreted

by both sides. The High Churchmen will say, and your Nonconformist brethren will agree, that you have doubts about the validity of your orders as a Wesleyan minister. I know you have not these doubts, but that does not alter the case. Reunion, when it comes, will be brought about in God's own time ; not by individuals passing over from one side to another, but by the gradual approximation of the Churches as a whole to one another. You had a thousand times better become a Methodist layman, and serve the Church of Christ in that sphere."

In the controversy which is now distracting the nation, we have lost not merely a bold champion on the Nonconformist side, but one who like our own great general in South Africa, had the statesmanlike ability which would have enabled him not only to carry a war to a successful issue, but to arrange the terms of peace with due regard to opponents. He had much in common with those who believe that no religious teaching can be effective that is not definite and dogmatic, and this together with his

strong views as to the Scriptural position of the Free Churches, would have qualified him to act as a mediator between two parties equally convinced of the righteousness of their cause.

I well remember one walk we took last August up the Scheidegg at Grindelwald. During the two hours' walk to the summit we had been discussing Methodist affairs, and at the top we fell in with an English clergyman, nephew of the late editor of the *Spectator*, and a former Headmaster of the Lower School of Harrow. For three hours and a half, one hour on the summit and the rest of the time as we walked back to the village, he was putting his views before these two Anglicans, with the passionate enthusiasm that he threw into everything he did. The burden of his talk was that if only they could understand each other's position, it would not be difficult to come to an understanding. He was always ready to recognize Christian devotion and earnestness in those from whom he differed, and he once said after a conversation with Lord Halifax, that "He was sure Lord

Halifax knew as well as he did what the New Birth meant, and he ought to be a Methodist class-leader."

Space does not permit of any adequate dealing with the traits that endeared him to those who knew him in private life,—his absence of rancour and bitterness, his admirable generosity, and disinterestedness, his warmly affectionate nature. But it ought to be put on record that his attacks on the Mammon worship of the day were borne out in his own life. Out of his comparative poverty he gave, during the last months of his life, £100 to the million guinea fund, from a small legacy that had come to him, and also gave back to the funds of the West London Mission his year's stipend of £300. He gloried in the fact that while the great Methodist communion secures an adequate maintenance to all her ministers, the stipend of her most distinguished teachers does not exceed the small sum I have mentioned; and he loved to quote the maxim, "From everyone according to his ability; to everyone according to his need."



Lastly, none of those who stood by his graveside on the gloomy November day when he was borne to his rest could refrain from remembering how confident always was his hope of immortality, and they must have felt that the noble words of the Burial Service, "In sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection," could never have been more fitly spoken. It was full of significance to those who knew him that the last article he ever wrote for his own paper, which appeared on the Thursday after his death, was an earnest setting forth of the great doctrine of the Atonement, and bore as its title, "The Death of Christ." It is not yet perhaps fully recognized how great a debt the Free Churches owe to his firm grasp of the great fundamental truths of the Christian faith, by which he lived and in which he died.

## VI

BY SISTER LILY

(Of the West London Mission).

---

*"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."*

HAVING had the privilege of closest association in work for fifteen years, in my judgment the most prominent feature of Mr. Hughes' life was his intense "passion for souls," his eager desire for the conversion of men and women. As we have talked of the Mission, as we have walked in the street, in our public meetings, in our private gatherings, he has ever said, "*Pray, pray that God may give us conversions.*" And how God has heard his prayer, and what has been the result, the lives of the people do show. The next feature, most conspicuous to those who knew him best,

was his true saintliness ; he preached and he *lived* that which he was never tired of repeating, "What would Jesus Christ have done if He had been in my place?" Whenever we went to him about any matter of difficulty, he would never think of discussing personal or secondary considerations ; he would always say, "What do you think Christ would have you do?" That being settled, with exquisite gentleness he would go into every point of difficulty, removing, as far as possible, all unnecessary effort, until you felt able to "laugh at impossibilities" and accomplish them.

But in the few lines I write to-day, I should like to emphasize the indebtedness which I and the Sisters feel we owe to him for the magnificent service he has rendered to the cause of woman. Mr. Hughes knew nothing of the disqualifications of women. This, I think, is largely due to his wife. It is given to very few to find such a true "help-meet" as he has found in Mrs. Hughes.

He treated us always as comrades, as colleagues ; he was a gentleman of the

noblest type. The iniquitous inequality which allows a man to pass unpunished and a woman to suffer, called forth the righteous anger of his soul, and there is no occasion where Mr. Hughes' gentler qualities were more seen than when pleading with the "girls in Piccadilly," or speaking individually to one who had sinned. I never heard him without being reminded of that line in our hymn,

"To those who fall, how kind thou art!"

And how he appreciated the work of others! He was always over-estimating what we did; little things which seemed of no value were noted by him, and at the right moment a courteous recognition of them would be given. We loved to serve him. "Mr. Hughes wishes it," was quite enough to bring forth the most arduous work, and no one counted anything too hard or too much to attempt for him. I do not believe the general public have any idea of the extent to which Mr. Hughes appreciated kind words and true sympathy. He *valued* them. In hours of stress and strain, when



even his best friends misunderstood him, he would gratefully treasure a kindly word or deed which some one had shown him.

His judgments were always kind. The way in which he could forgive and forget an injury was wonderful. He never cherished any unkindly feeling towards any, and the very fact that he was so good made him liable to misinterpretation. Again and again have we said, "The truth is, Mr. Hughes is too good." His absolute simplicity (he could not act a double part), his singleheartedness, his uprightness baffled his enemies. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the qualities of "purity and strength"—

"His strength was as the strength of ten,  
Because his heart was pure."

You could not be in his presence without feeling the force of that massive personality. He lived in the constantly realised presence of God. He feared "no foe with Him at hand to bless." He was dependent on no one, but Christ, strong in the strength of God.

## VII

BY W. M. CROOK.

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HOW did I know him? As a journalistic colleague, as a guide, as a teacher, as a leader, as a friend. I call him a "journalistic colleague," though he was editor and I was his subordinate. But his treatment of me was always that of a colleague, not that of a superior. If he had been my superior in titular rank, but my inferior in ability, in industry, in journalistic insight, such a relationship might have seemed very reasonable; but he was my superior at every point of contact. He owed nothing to his mere titular priority. But his intellectual brilliancy and quickness, his amazing industry, his powerful, lucid style, his large experience, his wide reading and his hosts of remarkable friends made one feel at every point

his superiority. Yet he always treated me—inexperienced, duller, slower, less industrious, far less widely read, knowing comparatively few people—as a colleague, as an equal, as one whose opinion was worth asking and worth listening to. The result was to me at first quite overwhelming. I had been used to having to fight to get my opinions listened to. This man, on whose words and on whose pen tens of thousands of people hung, who moulded the policy of one of the greatest Churches of Christendom, who was one of the mighty factors in the making of ethical and religious opinion in England, whose name was known as a household word in every continent—except possibly South America—this man listened to me, sought my advice, weighed it, and sometimes adopted it, as no other man did, except a few of my own most intimate personal friends, men of my own age and standing. The result would, I fear, have been to give me an amazingly good conceit of myself, but that when I went from his presence into the cold outer world, I found always I had to fight to get my opinions

heard. The world contained very few men who listened to anything I had to say, as Hugh Price Hughes did.

Not that I wish to convey that we by any means always agreed. We did not. He by no means always adopted the advice he was so careful to ask for and to listen to. But he did so sometimes. The most notable instance of that that I can recall at the moment was during the controversy over Dr. Davison's alleged heretical views on the authorship of the Book of Psalms. Dr. Davison was tried and unanimously acquitted, by a Committee of the most illustrious leaders in Methodism. Mr. Hughes, always a great believer in constituted authorities, thought that ought to end the matter and strongly deprecated further discussion. His opinion was soon put to a practical test. A Yorkshire layman, Mr. Myers, I think, sent a long letter to both the Methodist papers, the object of which was to show that not only Dr. Davison, but the Committee and the Conference, were all wrong. The *Methodist Recorder* refused to publish the letter, and



Mr. Hughes decided that the *Methodist Times* was to do likewise. To this course I was strongly opposed. I suppose because I am an Irishman I have very little respect for constituted authorities of any sort, and I have an almost passionate belief in liberty. I agreed with the Conference, and the Committee and Dr. Davison, and not with a word that Mr. Myers had to say. But I thought his letter ought to be published in the interests of liberty of discussion. Mr. Hughes gave way to my arguments and the letter appeared. Mr. Myers telegraphed for 500 copies of the *Methodist Times* containing it and distributed them broadcast, but he did not convince the Methodist people that the Methodist Conference and its distinguished Committee and Dr. Davison had all plunged into heresy. We heard no more of that controversy.

Mr. Hughes was an exceedingly earnest Methodist. Many Methodists looked askance at some of his methods. They feared he was drifting away from "the old paths." They did not know Hugh Price Hughes. I never met a more convinced

Methodist; I have never known anyone who gave anything like so good reasons for believing that Methodism would ultimately be the dominant form of Christianity in the world. He firmly believed it would be; for the following among other reasons. He believed in evolution in religion; that Christ was a living spirit, not a dead man; that because He lived, He still guided and led His people, and that there was no finality to the revelation of God through Christ to mankind. He thought all other Churches were too fast bound by creeds to follow the guidance of the Church's head.

Mr. Hughes always triumphantly pointed to the Methodist conquest of the greatest State on the North American Continent as a tremendous fact in the religious history of the world. He was a great believer in the future potentialities of America. He strongly held that the political future of the world belonged to the English-speaking races, and that of these the people of the United States with their inexhaustible material resources, their restless energy—

and their Methodism, were the people with the greatest future. He looked forward to a time when the inhabitants of this planet would be overwhelmingly won over to real Christianity, through the instrumentality of a living, growing Methodist Church, unhampered by traditions or by creeds.

His strong sympathy with all that seemed to him best in other Christian Churches helped to make some Methodists apprehensive as to whither he was leading them. When he thought any method or institution good, it mattered not to him that a Church of which on the whole he disapproved strongly had a sort of patent rights in it. He fearlessly adopted it. He resented the idea that any Church should have a monopoly of anything that was good. This mental attitude led to the foundation of the Sisterhood of the People. This frightened a good many old-fashioned Methodists. They thought that a Sisterhood, the members of which wore a veil and were called by their Christian names with the prefix "Sister," showed a Rome-ward tendency. That was not the stand-

point with which Mr. Hughes, with his splendid audacity, looked at the religious history of the world. He thought that the Latin Church had derived great strength from the devoted services of good women, but he objected to their vows of celibacy, their conventual life, its secrecy, and to a very great many other things in the Latin Church. That to him was no reason why he should not copy what he thought good. He could see no reason in morals or in his creed why good women should not devote themselves as exclusively to religious work as good men. Only, there must be no vows, no resignation of absolute freedom of action. His Sisters were to live in the world, not out of it, and they were to be free to marry. The head of his Sisterhood, the first and only head, was his own devoted wife, and many of the members of his Sisterhood have married since its foundation. The success of the experiment so far has justified Mr. Hughes' judgment, and his daring example has been widely imitated in Methodism.

But his broad sympathies misled not



only Methodists, but those outside his own Church. Prominent Churchmen in this country formed the opinion that Mr. Hughes was tending towards Anglicanism. Strenuous efforts were made by some of them—with the most kindly intentions—to induce him to enter the Anglican Church. Whether all the facts will ever be published I do not know. I only know, of my own personal knowledge, that such efforts were made. But these men did not know Hugh Price Hughes. He had no narrow hostility to the Anglican—or even to the Latin—Church in so far as he believed it to be a depository of Christian truth. But he disliked the establishment of a single sect, and he loathed and abhorred the idea of the State controlling the whole or any branch of the Christian Church. I sometimes doubted whether he would seriously have opposed a theocracy, the Church—provided that it were the Methodist Church he loved—controlling the State. But the reverse of that was to him mere paganism, and dishonouring to Christ.

I have no space to speak of Mr. Hughes as a man, as a friend, as a guide ; of his boyish, winsome jollity ; his limpid, sincere, yet strangely complex and interesting humanity—for he was very, very human. I have spoken of him as a journalistic colleague, as a great religious leader, an ecclesiastical statesman who moulded, perhaps, more than most of us realize, the religious and ethical thought of his time. But it is not on his brilliant, lucid, literary style, nor his fearless, biting platform oratory, nor even on his soaring gorgeous imaginings of the transcendent future of a world-conquering Methodism that I look back with the most longing regrets. It is on the man—

“ the human,

With his droppings of warm tears ”—

it is on that side that I, and I believe all the inner circle of his friends, will miss him most sadly and longest. Methodism may hereafter, as she has done before, produce great preachers, great orators, brilliant writers, ecclesiastical statesmen, but never, I sadly fear, another Hugh Price Hughes.

His brilliant style on the platform and in the pulpit and in the Press never did justice to this facet of a many-faceted character.

Some people saw one face and some another, but there was one side which only those who were privileged to be closest to him ever saw, and that view is gone from our lives for ever. That is the mystery of death: what a man writes lives after him; what a man does lives after him; what a man is, goes elsewhere. That strange, mysterious thing we call personality, the soul speaking through the body, has lost its means of communication with its fellow-men.

## VIII.

BY JOHN BAMFORD SLACK.

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**I**T is now twenty-two years since I first knew Hugh Price Hughes, since he began to take an interest in me. Twenty-two years since I was brought under the spell of that magnetic personality and recognized his leadership in life and religion.

I was a law-student in London in 1880. He had gone down upon a Home Mission Deputation to Ripley, in Derbyshire, where he was my father's guest. He had learnt there that I was in London, and he at once wrote to me that I must go out to Barry Road and spend the next Saturday with him there. I went to lunch, and, though I little thought it then, that day was to be the most eventful of my life.

I was only a boy, but the memory of the kindness of Mrs. Hughes to me, and of the



revelations Mr. Hughes opened to me that afternoon, thrills me yet.

No one has so influenced my life as the friend I have just lost, and that both directly and indirectly. What he said to me as we wandered over Peckham Rye that summer afternoon about God and religion, about men and books, about history and politics, changed my whole current of thought. I remember his asking me, the young law-student, in his study after lunch whether I had ever read any of Milton's prose. I said "No," and he at once took down one of the three "Bohn" volumes and declaimed the passage which ends with the famous words, "If any law or custom be contrary to the law of God, of nature, or of reason, it ought to be looked upon as null and void." About an hour ago I saw the book again on his study shelves in Taviton Street and found this passage marked. We all know that it has been the dominant note of all his public work. I soon bought the "Bohn" edition for myself. From that day also I began to read *The Spectator*. He gave all my Church work a new impulse and inspiration, and intensely confirmed

my Methodism. Thus at the first interview with him the mere force of his personality shot me forth into Methodist work.

He never lost sight of me afterwards, and occasionally wrote to me during the ten years I spent in the country. It was through him, in 1886, when I attended my first Wesleyan Conference, that I got to know my wife, and through him, indirectly, that we came to London in 1889.

No sooner did he know that we were to reside in Town than he insisted that I should join the Wesleyan West London Mission and come to live in Bloomsbury. I received a list of vacant houses from a firm of estate agents, who informed me that Mr. Price Hughes had instructed them! The first house on that list is the one in which I am now writing, and in which we have spent a dozen happy years. Then, as always, he carried me out of myself and swept me along with him.

In 1891 again, he insisted that my wife and I should accompany himself and Mrs. Price Hughes to America. Of course I again did as he told me, and a happy visit

we had together. During that journey we learnt to know and love him more and more. His eager, restless spirit even outran the speed of American trains. He covered and re-covered vast districts of that great Continent, and, like his great prototype, he preached as he went. Then, indeed, it was most conspicuous that he regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of God; he never stopped to pick and choose his places, he simply did as he was told and went where he was sent to carry God's Word, and with it a message from the Old Country to the Young Country as to how the people in their crowded thousands were to be reached by the Gospel of Christ. This message was delivered with such force and fire both in sermon, lecture and debate, that he struck our advanced cousins over there with amaze, and made them suppose that in Methodist economy, in broad religious life, in social reform and even in brotherly equality the Mother Country was even more advanced than her emancipated daughter.

He indeed fired the imagination of the American people, and to us they expressed again and again their admiration for and amazement at this "live man." Especially did they appreciate him in controversy; when, armed *cap-à-pie*, he sprang into debate and trampled under foot the enemies of truth, of truth as it was seen by him. This suggests one of the secrets of his force. His strength was founded on a deep conviction of the righteousness of his cause, of any cause he advocated, and out of the fulness of this conviction he spoke with force, he smote with strong words. This characteristic point of view of his is well illustrated by a little incident with my own sister. On the day of the anniversary of the West London Mission this year he twice met her going the other way when he was going to St. James's Hall, and on the second occasion he said to her, "It seems to me, young lady, you spend your life in going in the wrong direction."

Just in the same way because he had no deep convictions as to his own need of or



right to money, and all it represented ; no deep concern as to whether he was misunderstood or went unrewarded, he could not fight for himself, he could not be in the way of securing the good things of this life as he might easily have done. I always felt that he was ever about *his Father's business*. He was a wonderful compound of audacity and shyness, daring and timidity. In his Master's work he was ever daring, he never hung back ; in this service, he claimed much from others, just as he gave much himself, for he gave *himself* unsparingly. But in his own interests he was diffident to a fault, he let slip golden opportunities.

I have said that, during that, to me, memorable journey in America he preached as he went ; and he also learnt as he went. We should have to refer to the pages of the journal of John Wesley to find a record of the strenuous life at all comparable to that of Hugh Price Hughes. But there was this difference, that in the former days time and space and the difficulties attendant upon travel put a drag upon the ener-

gies of John Wesley, and so he lived to old age. To-day the annihilation of time and space by modern science in the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, has been a spur to the consuming zeal of Hugh Price Hughes, and he has fallen, almost in the prime of manhood, a victim to his own vigour, killed by his own vital force.

He was ever a fighter. We know the saying, "*Palma non sine pulvere*," but he shook off the dust of strife from his armour. The wars he waged and the battles he fought left no scar upon his spiritual life, and I never heard him utter a single word of personal animosity about anyone who differed from him. His was the large nature which regretted rather than resented differences. On that journey he was interested in everything, from the system of American railway tickets to the Methodist Theological Institutions, the "Book Concerns," and the Women's Colleges. His catholic spirit absorbed all the aspects of that young nation while his keen mind tore out the heart of their success.

He laughed heartily over the humour, he

admired the greatness, he spotted the weaknesses, and he gloried in the forcefulness of a people untrammelled by traditions and founded upon religious freedom. There we saw so plainly in those new surroundings one of his marked characteristics. He was for ever taking in and, equally, always giving out. He assimilated facts and ideas with extraordinary rapidity. We made a pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock and to the cemetery of the Pilgrim Fathers, and there we had to transcribe for him the words inscribed upon the tomb of the first Pilgrim Father who was laid to his rest. "Let your country be founded upon religion," was the burden of those carven words, and well do I remember his ejaculation, "Splendid!" and the characteristic comments he made on that message from the tomb. I sadly remember, too, that that was the first time, thousands of miles away, across the Atlantic, that I stood in a cemetery with my dear friend, and to-day, eleven years later, I looked down into *his* open grave and tried to realize that he would never speak to me again. I thought of all

he had done that his beloved country might be founded in religion, and determined afresh to consecrate my life anew to the work in which he spent himself, and to which he gave his life. I have written thus much of our American visit, because that journey was typical of his life.

I esteem it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have lived and worked with this noble, fearless man. Twelve years ago he insisted on my taking office in the West London Mission. My association with him, and with Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, Mr. Percy W. Bunting and my other colleagues in this Mission has been one of unbroken happiness. There never was a man who was easier to work with than Mr. Hughes. In public he was a hard fighter, a brilliant debater and a powerful controversialist ; in private he was the gentlest of men, and in the Mission he has always been loved, as I have never known a man loved by his colleagues and co-workers. *Loyalty* is far too weak a word to express the sentiment which bound us to our leader. He possessed a marvellous magnetic influence, and



electric force which thrilled everyone who was brought into sympathetic touch with him. He lived ever in the spirit of prayer, and one secret of his success was his belief in the power of prayer.

The Sunday evening services at St. James's Hall have always been a wonder to me. For a dozen years I have heard him preach there, and every sermon has been alive with some new idea and impulse, fresh, vitalizing, helpful and inspiring. In the "Enquiry Room" I have again and again witnessed the most marvellous manifestations of the power which he possessed of reaching the hearts and consciences of men. The miracles of converting power and of redeeming grace, of which the Holy Spirit has made him the instrument, will always be to me an impregnable evidence, if such were needed, of the truth of the Christianity he loved and served so well.

He laboured in many spheres of religious and social activity, but the inmost circle of all, the religious home of his soul, was the West London Mission which he called into being. It was there that he was best known and best loved.

It is needless to say that he who founded the Sisterhood as the heart and centre of the Mission was a strong believer in women's work as a force making for righteousness in every department of civil and public life. He loved to discuss the various phases and developments of that work in its many ramifications. He always seemed to me to stand bareheaded, as it were, in respectful admiration of the brave work accomplished in various fields by good women, whether in religion, social reform, in temperance or in politics.

He touched life at so many points that he was ever fresh and very human. He was so simple in his tastes that the smallest pleasure was a real pleasure, and it was most easy to amuse him. Once when he and Mrs. Hughes stayed with us in a country cottage he entered so thoroughly into the spirit of that life that our simple meals seemed like kings' banquets, and our cottage garden a grand estate, so that those days remain a living picture for ever in my memory. The bicycle rides we then took stand out in the same way sharply

defined by the strong lines of his intense interest. Indeed, I seldom ride uphill now without thinking of his remark that he always felt when bicycling uphill that Nature was taking a mean advantage of him. In that, too, as in more serious affairs, he went full speed *uphill*, or, as he said, he could not go at all.

I am profoundly impressed by the fact that there are hundreds of younger Methodists who, like myself, have been inspired by his vitalizing influence, and thus his work must live and grow. He has breathed the life of progressive religion into the dry bones of respectable formalism, and so has given a new hope to the younger men. We were constantly reminded that he had the seeing eye to recognize ability in the young, the generous mind to give free play to individual powers, and the large human charity to appreciate the least measure of success in work. In the Mission we all felt sure of his warm-hearted recognition of our smallest efforts, his word of approval was worth much because it was spontaneous and sincere.

He has for so long filled so large a space in my life and interests that I cannot at this short interval realize the vacancy which his sudden removal creates. Words are but a coarse medium in which to express the feeling I always had for my lost friend. We who loved him in the Mission are determined to carry on his work. In the words of a letter which I have just received from the President of the Wesleyan Conference, we "have to keep the work up as well as on."





## IX]

BY CHARLES ENSOR WALTERS

(Of the West London Mission).

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HUGH PRICE HUGHES has always been my ideal Christian minister. As a schoolboy I admired him and had a passionate desire to know him. That desire was not then gratified. But I have no hesitation in saying that it was the fervour of his evangelism—for he was at that time beginning to stir up the dry bones of Methodism—combined with home influence, which inspired me with a longing to become a Wesleyan Methodist Minister (or, more correctly, as Mr. Price Hughes often reminded me, *a Methodist Preacher*). When, in 1889, my father was appointed General Secretary of the London Mission,

the desire of my schoolboy days was realised. I saw, heard, and came into close contact with Hugh Price Hughes.

How quickly I learned to love him! There was about Mr. Hughes an influence that acted like a magical spell. One could not resist him. In public—the fiery evangelist, the stalwart fighter, the fierce denouncer of shams; an orator speaking with a vehemence almost startling, an editor writing with an intensity of conviction as welcome as it is rare; in private—gentle, courteous, and witty—in short, a perfect gentleman. I have come into contact with conspicuous men who have quickly made you feel yourself a nobody. Not so Mr. Hughes. I was only a boy of seventeen when I first met him, yet he talked to me as to a man, asked my opinion on various matters, listened to what I had to say, and uttered words expressive of his loyalty to Christ and His Church which I shall never forget. I went from his presence with head erect, proud to be fighting the same battle as the man whose inspiration I had caught. Since then I have

had many conversations with him, but always with the same result.

When, in 1892, the Wesleyan Methodist Conference accepted me as a candidate for the ministry Mr. Hughes was one of the first to congratulate me and assure me of his prayers on my behalf. I was delighted the Conference sent me to his College, Richmond, and felt that somehow his influence still lingered there. During my three years' residence—years to Mr. Hughes of extraordinary activity—he found time to write me many letters, mainly concerning the books I ought to read. He especially urged me to study social questions, strongly recommending Ruskin's "Unto this last." He also advised me to read Professor Alfred Marshall's "Economics of Industry." It is impossible to exaggerate Mr. Hughes' influence on the life and thought of the younger men of the ministry. He has lifted us out of the old "ruts," turned our minds into new channels, widened our sympathies, and kindled our enthusiasm for social reform.

In 1895 I had the unspeakable privilege



of becoming Mr. Hughes' colleague in the work of the West London Mission. The seven years and three months' close association with him has been a period of unbroken happiness. The better I knew him the more I admired him. He was a noble chief and loyal friend. He had marked characteristics. Most of all was I impressed with the intensity of his religious convictions. He was a man of God. And his religion was perfectly natural. At the dinner table—no man was more hospitable or more delightful as host—he would turn the conversation from a discussion on politics, literature, or on matters of domestic interest to the deepest "things of God." There seemed nothing contradictory or irreverent in this; the man was so transparently genuine. No questionable stories—such as those sometimes heard even in clerical circles—ever passed his lips; no cruel sarcasm and no unworthy sneer. His words came quickly, but the love of Christ "constrained" them. Yet he was absolutely human, sunny in disposition and boyish in spirit. How pleased he was to assist in



MR. PRICE HUGHES AT THE TIME OF HIS  
ORDINATION.



MR. AND MRS. PRICE HUGHES BEFORE THEIR  
MARRIAGE.



teaching me to ride a bicycle! How he laughed at my blunders, running along at the side of the machine like a boy to keep me from falling. With what intense earnestness he instructed me how to mount! Then with what delight he started out for a cycle ride, and how he enjoyed the tea and hot toast at the confectioner's shop on the top of Barnet Hill!

Those happy Saturday cycle rides, with the ride back to town in the cool of the eventide, when conversation turned on politics, literature, or on that of which he never ceased to speak, the privilege of working for Christ in the West London Mission, are at end. Shall I ever delight in cycling again?

Mr. Hughes' greatness next impressed me. He was first at all times and everywhere. In Conference, Synod, public meeting, or drawing-room, he impressed you. He could not help being the centre of attraction. Some public men disappoint you in private life; talk to them face to face and their greatness vanishes. Mr. Hughes was great on the platform of St. James's



Hall; he was equally great in his little study at 8, Taviton Street.

But perhaps the characteristics which most impressed me were his tireless industry and burning enthusiasm. He was always at work, yet he was never too busy to see, converse with, and advise those who worked with him. He never resented your intrusion. I have entered his study, and he has been walking up and down, or sitting at his desk, dictating a fiery leader for the *Methodist Times*. Greeting me with a smile and pleasant word, he has asked, "Have you seen to-day's *Times* or this week's *Spectator*?" and handing me one of these journals he has proceeded to lay down the law for the readers of his inspiring paper, or else he has asked his secretary to withdraw, plunged into conversation, and when I have left has continued his leader. I have gone to Taviton Street late at night on matters of urgency concerning the Mission; I have been told Mr. Hughes was in bed, but had left word I was to go up to his room. Entering his bedroom I have discovered him asleep. But in a moment he

was awake, fresh, lively, frolicsome. I have told him my business, and before I have left his room he has been soundly asleep again. Who can measure his labours? Superintendent of a great mission, leader of the Free Church movement, and editor of a newspaper ; he did the work of six men.

Above all, I shall remember his burning enthusiasm. By nature I have but little enthusiasm, but I have served under Hugh Price Hughes, and you may write me down "Enthusiast." He was enthusiastic about everything, cycling, walking, reading, but above all about the Kingdom of God. His fiery spirit made everything live. No prayer meeting was dreary, no committee dull, and no service monotonous if he was present.

It is hard to write of my last conversations with Mr. Hughes. I will only mention one. On the 8th of October last my mother lost her life whilst saving a little child from being run over in the crowded streets of Woolwich. Shall I ever forget the words he uttered? "A glorious death," he said, "such a death as I should like." He com-

forted me, giving me the message in St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" "Walters," he said, "be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord" (1 Cor. xv. 55—58). I little knew then that in a few short weeks he would be called to God. But when on Tuesday last I looked on him, so beautiful in death, I seemed to hear him say, "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

## X.

BY FREDERICK A. ATKINS.

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**H**UGH PRICE HUGHES as I first knew him was a rising young platform orator, a tall slim figure wearing clerical dress and old-fashioned spectacles, with pale face suggesting over study, and a power of trenchant oratory that pointed to a brilliant future. He was one of my earliest heroes, and had full command of my youthful enthusiasm. I have never known a man so well equipped for the work of impressing and winning young men. The gospel that helps the aged saint is not the gospel that thrills the impulsive youth. Tell young men that underneath them are the Everlasting Arms, and they are not greatly moved—when they approach the fortieth birthday and discover grey hairs at the temples, the message will have infinite



comfort, but in the days of boyish ardour a stalwart fighter like Mr. Hughes is the man who can win their loyalty and do pretty well what he likes with them. So it was in my experience. Mr. Hughes called us to valiant service, appealed to all that was manly and chivalrous in us, and preached what to me was a new kind of religion—a Christianity that kept Governments straight, that enforced civic duty and purified municipal life, that brought the ethics of Jesus to bear upon the daily drudgery of the common people. It was a revelation to me, and thus to Mr. Hughes I owe a great moral impulse that remains with me to this day.

The first time I saw and heard Mr. Hughes was at a meeting of the Peace Society in the Old Weigh House Chapel, near the Monument, an ancient building, long since demolished. The meeting was deadly dull, and on looking down the list of speakers I hoped for no improvement. As I was thinking of making my escape the chairman called upon the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. The name meant nothing to me. But within five minutes every man

in that chapel realised that a new force had arisen in England. He roused a dead and dreary meeting to an almost unbearable pitch of enthusiasm. He was tingling with life to his very finger tips, and he fairly hypnotized his hearers. He held in his hand a little penny memorandum book with a black cover, from which he read apt and well selected quotations from great writers on the subject of war. He denounced war as the "crowning insanity," the "supreme curse," the "diabolical madness," he poured out a flood of biting vituperation on the fools who delighted in war, and his racy, forceful eloquence, his irresistible Celtic passion made an impression which I have never seen excelled even in the most crowded and excited assemblies. I suppose at that time he was about 33, and I was about 16. From that hour he had me in his power.

I remember also a remarkable speech on "Christian Audacity" at an annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A. in Exeter Hall, a speech that brought the audience to its feet, wildly cheering the fervid young Welshman, who

was himself the best specimen of Christian audacity I have ever known. I witnessed many of his triumphs in Exeter Hall—one of the greatest was on the occasion when he made a daring speech on Christian Socialism which roused the wrath of the good Lord Shaftesbury. Mr. Hughes had the meeting with him, however, and the indignant chairman had to give way and allow the speaker to proceed. Dr. Robertson Nicoll says he first saw Mr. Hughes in the City Temple Lecture Hall after a lecture. I wonder whether it was on the night when I heard Mr. Hughes give a memorable lecture on "The Achievements of Christianity." If so, I think Dr. Nicoll will agree with me that it was a masterly piece of work. The curious thing about that lecture is that although it was obviously prepared with great care and written in full, I never heard of its being delivered anywhere else. If the MS. is in existence it ought now to see the light. I remember one other occasion when I heard Mr. Hughes make a great speech; it was at a densely crowded meeting in connection

with the Sheffield Y.M.C.A. He achieved nothing remarkable in the first ten minutes ; then a man in the gallery was providentially led to interrupt. Mr. Hughes was immediately transformed. He simply played with his opponent. With humorous exaggeration and cutting irony he silenced the poor fellow, and then proceeded to give us twenty minutes of direct, intense, red-hot eloquence. He was always at his best when he had something or someone to "go for"—it mattered little whether it was a hard-hearted sweater, a profligate politician, an idle and selfish church or an unjust Parliamentary measure—he was ever a valiant and resolute fighter, strenuously battling for purity and righteousness. Some complained that he was "cocksure" ; certainly, but why not call it intensity of conviction ? It would be a truer description of a not altogether valueless quality. This at all events all who knew him will recognize : if he was violent in denunciation, he was never vindictive in temper.

I first met Mr. Hughes personally when I arranged a great anti-gambling demon-



stration one Sunday afternoon in St. James's Hall. It was in connection with the National Anti-Gambling League, which I had recently started—and I had no more sympathetic helper in organizing the new movement than Mr. Hughes. This was in the early days of the West London Mission, when that remarkable pioneer movement was at the height of its prosperity and attracted universal attention. They were grand days. Those who attended the Sunday afternoon conferences when Mr. Hughes was in full health and vigour will never forget them. But as I look back I find that the deepest impression I received was not from the crowded gatherings, with all their moral fervour and political enthusiasm, but from the series of Bible readings which Mr. Hughes gave on week nights. They revealed him in a new light, and I have seldom heard more stimulating addresses.

But it was my good fortune to see most of Mr. Hughes when he was on holiday. Several times we met in Switzerland, at Lucerne, Andermatt, Davos Platz and Grindelwald, and I have no hesitation in

saying that these were the happiest holidays of my life. He was capital company, full of boyish fun and the wild joy of life. Unfortunately even on his vacations there was too little unbending of the bow. Piles of newspapers followed him about, and every now and then he would retire to his bedroom for an afternoon to write editorial notes for the *Methodist Times*. The "leaders" for the whole of the holiday weeks were prepared before he left town, for in those days he would dictate half-a-dozen leading articles without turning a hair. Even on rambles and excursions he would enter into long and strenuous discussions which must have made great demands on his vitality. One day we got up at 4 a.m. and climbed the Rigi. All the way up we were debating the old question, Which is the more influential, the press or the platform? I pointed out to him that in half-an-hour he could dictate a leading article which would influence thousands of people all over the world, whereas after two long and tiresome railway journeys, the absence of 30 hours from home, and all the

friction and inconvenience of staying in a strange house, and the nervous exhaustion of speaking in a crowded hall, he would only have addressed one or two thousand people. But he stuck to it that by talking to people face to face he could do what a printed article could never achieve, and I daresay he was right. Coming down the Rigi he started a discussion on woman's suffrage. I told him that I had no love for the "public" woman who, as Barry Pain puts it, "knows everything about sin and nothing about housekeeping," and I suggested that as women were born Conservatives, if once they got hold of the vote we need never hope to see a Liberal Government in power again. But he demolished me just as he had extinguished the half-tipsy man in the gallery at Sheffield, and as we descended the mountain path he talked with the same brilliance and vivacity that characterized his great public speeches.

I shall never forget our talks and excursions at Davos Platz. One excursion was specially delightful, for our party included Sir Walter Foster, Mr. Richard Le

Gallienne, Rev. George Jackson, Mrs. Hughes and Sister Lily. I took a very interesting snap-shot of Mr. Hughes seated on a rock with Mr. Le Gallienne and Sir Walter Foster on either side. It would not be easy to imagine two men more entirely different than Mr. Hughes and Mr. Le Gallienne, and yet they got on splendidly together, and I know that the poet and critic had from that time a deep respect and an intense admiration for the Mission Preacher and Social Reformer. He chaffed him unmercifully—one night at dinner he told Mr. Hughes that if he were an actor and had to play Mephistopheles his up-turned eyebrows would be worth at least an extra thirty shillings a week to him. Mr. Hughes took it all in perfect good humour, and I do not remember in all my holiday experiences a jollier or more interesting party. Some have thought Mr. Hughes proud and standoffish. They never knew him. He was impatient with bores—he had no time to waste on the frivolous trivialities of mischievous chatterboxes. But amongst those he knew and liked and trusted, there was



no more charming companion, no brighter talker, no kindlier friend.

I do not think anyone would say that Mr. Hughes was a great preacher. He had but little imagination or idealism, and most of his sermons were topical rather than expository. But he was a great driving force, and his dominant individuality, his strenuous enthusiasm and his alert mind and dextrous wit made him the prince of platform speakers. His energy was boundless. He nearly killed his devoted secretary, though at the time his own vitality was so great that he was entirely ignorant of the demand he was making on his unlucky assistant. He was starting for America and a London publisher was clamouring for a long-promised volume of sermons. So he dictated to his shorthand writer the whole volume in two days, and the weary secretary had to transcribe his notes on the voyage across the Atlantic and post the copy when he reached New York.

There are many places which will always remind me of Mr. Hughes—Lucerne, where

we had such pleasant tea-parties ; Grindelwald, the scene of many an interesting discussion ; Andermatt, where I spent a gloriously happy holiday with Mr. Hughes and Dr. Lunn ; Davos Platz, where we had our final Swiss excursion ; and the West Cliff at Bournemouth where we said good-bye for the last time. But there is one other place—a little dairy and tea-shop in Heath Street, Hampstead, where we met sometimes on Saturday afternoons, and which I shall never enter again without thinking of our departed friend. Mr. Hughes used to spend most Saturday afternoons in rambling about Hampstead Heath—sometimes with one of the Sisters of the People, sometimes with Dr. Lunn, often with members of his family. He always took tea in this little shop, although he had scores of friends in Hampstead who would have been glad of the honour of entertaining him. We were talking there one day of a distinguished preacher, noted for his matchless wit and biting sarcasm. I asked Mr. Hughes why, although crowds flocked to hear this preacher as he travelled about

the country, he had never succeeded in ordinary ministerial work. He replied, "You are very fond of salad—you like it well seasoned. How would you like to live on salad for three years?" I was telling him of my happy experiences of Cornish Methodism, and he remarked that to see Methodism at its best one had to go to the north—especially to Yorkshire and Northumberland. "I shall always regret," he added, "that in my younger days I did not 'travel' in the north." No man since John Wesley has done so much to teach rich men to give generously, and he told me again and again that the love of money was the "supreme danger" of Christian people to-day, and was doing more harm within the Churches than any other vice. He spoke once, in tones of bitter distress, of a wealthy Wesleyan who could not sleep at night because he feared that after all he might be unable to leave each of his children a clear million of money.

I will bear my testimony that Mr. Hughes, "as I knew him," was one of the most forgiving of men. He never bore

malice. We disagreed on many questions—I fought him in print and in conversation again and again—but after he had denounced me in unmeasured terms, and when I had told him what I considered the plain truth, he would laugh and say, “You impudent fellow,” and take my arm and go for a walk. I had the pleasure of passing through the Press his successful and interesting book on “The Morning Lands of History,” and his letters were full of apologies for any trouble he had given, thanks for any help or suggestions that had been offered, and kindly acknowledgment of the efforts of printers, paper-makers, binders and publishers. I spent an afternoon in his study discussing this book, and as we were talking over our tea he exclaimed, “I hope you’ll be rewarded for all the trouble you’ve taken.” I had done but little, and this generous recognition was characteristic of the man. I was, indeed, richly rewarded in the almost child-like delight he showed in the production of the volume. He was specially anxious for good reviews in two papers, the *Spectator*



and the *British Weekly*, and in both cases his desire was more than satisfied.

Mr. Hughes had his little faults and foibles, but they never lessened one's admiration for his great and inspiring personality. He was always absolutely disinterested. He cared nothing for money. He might have made ten thousand a year as a barrister; if he had gone into Parliament his rare gifts would soon have exalted him to Cabinet rank. But he preferred to be a Methodist preacher with the salary of a managing clerk. I asked him once to give me his favourite quotation for reproduction in a magazine, and he sent it by return of post: "*Thou, O Christ, art all I want.*" On another occasion I asked him for a New Year's motto for the readers of a magazine. He wrote to me as follows: "There is no saying that has impressed me more than an old Welsh proverb which is inscribed, I believe, on the bardic chair of the National Eisteddfod of Wales. It is this: '*Without God, without anything: God, and enough.*' The same truth is expressed in its definite Christian form in my

favourite line in hymnology, '*Thou, O Christ, art all I want.*' I can suggest no better motto than that for the New Year and for every year." This was ever the dominant passion of his life: to convince men of their need of Christ and to lead them to Him.

Only one thing remains to be said: Mr. Hughes would not have been the man he was but for the beautiful devotion and the sweet comradeship of one of the strongest, bravest women I have ever known. "Had Mr. Hughes been a celibate friar," Mr. Stead once remarked, "he would have been a very unlovely person indeed." Mr. Hughes would have entirely agreed with Mr. Stead, for he constantly spoke with profoundest gratitude of the perfect happiness of his home life.



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